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Literature as a Factor in Life.*

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I.

There are two extremes from which Literature is regarded in these days. From one point of view it is looked on as the only thing in life worth living for; from the other, as a mere ornament, a distraction,—an amusement for an idle hour.

The disciples of what is called Culture,—a term which like the adjective *aesthetic* has suffered grievously by misuse,—place Literature above Dogma. That is, they hold that a human being may be able to get enough vital consolation out of books to do entirely without the teachings of the Christian religion. Blasphemously they group the sacred Scriptures, the Koran, the Buddhistic writings together as great works of literature. Thomas à Kempis and the author of "Paul and Virginia," St. Paul and George Eliot we find jumbled together by the cultured,—with a capital C—who recommend books to the "masses."

Matthew Arnold's name is known to all of you. He died recently. He did more to inculcate in the minds of English-speaking people a love for Literature for the sake of itself than any man living or dead. He was a poet, but not a great one. He cultivated the art of using words to the utmost extent possible in a man of his temperament. He wrote at times exquisitely. He was an intellectual aristocrat, and we cannot but admire the position he took above all

low, vulgar and common things. But, nevertheless, his life-long cultivation of the art of literature led to nothing, because it did not lead to God. Literature is a factor in life, and an important one in all well-regulated lives, but it is not the end of life. God is the beginning and the end.

The effect of Matthew Arnold's teachings may be traced in a recent popular novel "Robert Ellsmere." The author of it is Mrs. Humphrey Ward. It has succeeded Rider Haggard's "She" and Robert Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" in the estimation of the thoughtless reader. Why? Because Mr. Gladstone reviewed it in *The Nineteenth Century*. There is no getting over the fact that English opinion still sways our judgment in literary matters, although the West is more independent and American in this respect than the East.

This winter "Robert Ellsmere" has become the talk of all the drawing-rooms. Ladies who read it because it is the fashion speak learnedly about the impregnable position that Theistic teaching holds in the world of science. I heard one the other day, and I asked, as politely as possible, what she meant. She did not answer; but I knew she had been reading "Robert Ellsmere." Next summer when you are in the country, at the watering places, or at home, you will find the ladies, old and young, discussing "Robert Ellsmere," and probably some of you will read it yourselves. Therefore, as this book is to-day, and will perhaps be to-morrow, a topic of general discussion, I am glad to have the opportunity of warning you against its tendency. It is not immoral, as one late notorious story by a woman is immoral. But it is immoral in an intellectual sense. It is false, because the author pretends to a first-hand knowledge of things which she has evidently taken at

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second-hand. And all pretence in large or small things is more or less immoral.

"Robert Ellsmere," as I said, is the result of that theory of life which makes Literature the end, the support, the consolation of life. This was Matthew Arnold's theory; this is the theory of those of his cult who substitute culture for faith and lucidity, sweetness and light,—which words are the slang of culture,—for the Gifts of the Holy Ghost. This novel teaches that through the increased keenness which the study of Literature has given us, we may pierce the past, and, by the light of our study of literature, discover that the teachings of Christianity have been mistaken from the beginning, and that our Lord was only man, not God; and that God Himself is only a mere vague name!

This is the result of that devotion to culture which Matthew Arnold considered the best thing in life, and the result of his belief that religion and science might fail, but that poetry, as the consoler and the elevator of man, could never fail. This is the teaching of a novel which is read to-day by every half-educated man and woman in this country of half-education.

You see that, since Literature has such an influence in moulding the ideas of men and women, even concerning the beginning and the end of all things, it is a very important factor in life. There are intellectual people, like Matthew Arnold, among men, and among women, like Mrs. Humphrey Ward and Vernon Lee, to whom I shall refer later, who overrate the value of Literature and who put it in place of religion.

"No young man," says our old friend, the estimable Duke of Omnium, in Anthony Trollope's novels, "should dare to neglect literature. At some period of his life he will surely need consolation; and he may be certain that, should he live to be an old man, there will be none other, except religion." "The Duke of Omnium, however, is not of our time; it is not strange that he is puzzled and bewildered by the breadth of view which permits agnosticism as a decoration to the real business of life—enjoyment—and denies none of the pleasant vices to exalted gentlemen, or none of the picturesque frailties to no less exalted ladies. Were the worthy duke abreast of the age he would not except religion, for it has become an axiom with the most exact thinkers that culture is the highest and best thing in life; and what is culture, judged by their standard, but the art of reading in perfection? Matthew Arnold comes as near blasphemy as any man can in this period, in which the saying of smart things about the Creator has come to be regarded as a mark of much wit,

when he places poetry even above science as the consoler of men.

"Without poetry," he asserts in a preface to Thomas Humphrey Ward's admirable work, *The English Poets*—which is the text of this article,—"without poetry our science would appear incomplete; and most of what now passes with us for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry. Science, I say, will appear incomplete without it. For finely and truly does Wordsworth call poetry 'the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science'; and what is a countenance without its expression? Again, Wordsworth finely and truly calls poetry 'the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge.' Our religion parading evidences such as those on which the popular mind relies now; our philosophy pluming itself on its reasonings about causation and finite and infinite being—what are they but the shadows and dreams and false shows of knowledge? *The day will come when we shall wonder at ourselves for having trusted them, for having taken them seriously; and the more we perceive their hollowness, the more we shall prize 'the breath and finer spirit of knowledge offered us by poetry.'*"

The day has come when men, reared among the shams of Protest, have turned away from the weak support of an emasculated religion to seek rest in a philosophy which offers no certitude, and in a science which is only half understood. They stretch out their hands for bread, and the priests of culture give them a stone.

Poetry, exalted, God-inspired as it is, interpreter as it is of the voiceless messages that man and nature hold for each other, fails when we go to it for that consolation which all men crave some time or other, and without which the highest attainment is valueless—that consolation which the soul craves, and craves more strongly, when it has conquered the intellectual world and reached its *ultima thule* of culture. At a certain time in his life the French poet, Maurice de Guérin, found what he deemed consolation in resting against the trunk of a lilac in his garden, "le seul être au monde contre qui il pût appuyer sa chancelante nature, comme le seul capable de supporter son embrasement," in the struggle between pantheism and faith that was going on in his soul. Poetry must fail those who go to it as a last resource, as the lilac failed De Guérin. It is the experience of men in all ages that hearts only can comfort hearts; that the purest abstractions are cold and unsatisfactory. Humanity that can console humanity must be, itself, yet higher than itself. The Church offers, not poetry, but the Sacred Heart.

Goethe did not find consolation in poetry or the highest flights of his intellect, and Matthew Arnold, the most polished and complaisant of the priests of culture, is not, it would seem, free from that divine despair in which we may imagine Sappho looking from her rock. Poetry is a seraph on whom the light of God falls, but

poetry is not God. Poetry may bear the soul to supernal flights, but it cannot give rest, serenity, hope, which make consolation. It ever asks that "Why?" to which religion gives an eternal answer.

The Scriptures contain great poems—the greatest poems; but he who, reading them, tries to eliminate the Godhead of Christ loses himself in what Ruskin calls the *verde smalto*—the helpless green of the Elysian Fields. Homer, cold and joyless, offers no consolation; Horace and Theocritus are without joy in their *verde smalto*. Roses and wine soon lose their savor, and the cicada is only harsh when the heart is sad. Christianity gave to poetry all its joyousness, all that sympathy with men and nature which makes us glad. Poetry no longer echoes the sea-like moan of restless souls, as in Homer; it interprets and elevates, as in Dante. It is impossible to divorce Christianity from the poetry that is nearest to us. Christianity has made it what it is. It was not till after the Resurrection that the spring clothed itself in gladness. The rain came and departed, and the voice of the turtle was heard in the land; but the full glory and gladness of the spring did not make itself known to the human heart until after the first Easter. Who, going to Shakspeare for consolation, is not referred to Him who is beyond? And where is the sublimity of Dante without the Divine Persons from whom that sublimity radiates? Such poets as Swinburne and Gautier cannot escape from the light of the cross. Their paganism is not the paganism of the Greeks; they cannot bridge over the stream that flowed from Calvary. The light deepens their shadows. Their effects are in *chiaro-oscuro*, and this has given them that vogue for which they sacrificed so much.

II.

On the other hand, there are many,—the vast majority in fact,—who look on Literature as only an ornament of life,—a polite accomplishment, or the amusement of an idle hour. Among these I am forced to class a great number of young women. And, referring to them, I should say idle hours rather than an idle hour. For of those who regard Literature only as a diversion, the greatest number read novels. I must elaborate this assertion still further and say devour, instead of read.

If you have ever had the opportunity of seeing certain people, who have only five minutes for refreshments, trying to lunch at a railroad station while the train is waiting, you have an impression of how the young woman who is de-

voted to novels takes her mental food. Once, far down in Texas, I had the fortune to witness a process of this kind. The traveller,—a hungry one,—made a dash at the pickles because they were nearest. Then he crunched until a bilious-looking mince-meat pie caught his glare. He bolted the pie and then swallowed a plate of pork and beans. He was stuffing a ham sandwich into his mouth when the bell rang and, I feel sure, he was saved from sudden death.

The reader who looks on Literature as mere amusement generally acquires the habit of bolting novels as this traveller devoured his food. I have met young ladies who claimed to have read ten novels in a week! They, when cross-examined as politely as possible, acknowledged that they did not remember the characters in any of them. They had a dim impression that Lady De Vere had married the Duke of Something-or-Other; but whether Angelina, the heroine of "Wedded on a Fatal Night," was a creation of "The Duchess's" or "Ouida's" or "Bertha M. Clay's," they really did not know. One young girl had,—she confessed without apparent shame,—read six of "The Duchess's" novels in one week and was looking for more! This was during the vacation time. And the week after this, I saw her sitting on a piazza at Long Branch, with one of Rhoda Broughton's near her, just finished, Haggard's "She" and an utterly wretched work called "Miss Middleton's Lover." Her mother did not seem to mind it. But I think that both mother and daughter were to be pitied.

The reading of novels,—and worse than worthless novels,—was this young woman's way of making use of Literature. If she were told that she was as absurd a figure as the man who munches pie and pickles, pork and beans and oysters at the same time, she would be indignant, and yet she does a similar thing without a similar excuse. The novels of "The Duchess" are like a very light kind of confection with a drop of poison here and there in it and a great deal of opium well disguised by the experienced cook.

If there were no harm in them, these novels would be as unhealthy as a constant diet of pies and caramels and pickles would be.

Physical food is a great factor in life, so is mental food. The mental system is as capable of derangement through bad mental food as the physical system. Let anybody who doubts this, analyze his or her state of mind after the reading of a carelessly written sensational novel. It leaves him in a dream. It has paralyzed his powers of thinking and acting. It leaves in him a distaste for more solid mental food. The inveterate novel-reader cannot be induced to read

history, a volume of fine essays, and a book of devotions is impossible to him. He has created a false appetite. He will henceforth have only condiments. He will take the horse-radish, but not the roast beef; the mustard, but not the cold ham; and the cranberry sauce, but not the turkey.

Short novels are only condiments, or bits of ornamental confectionery which are as fatal to the machinery of the mind, when habitually used, as caramels and *nougat* would be to the machinery of the body, if they were indulged in as a steady diet. Thackeray, one of the greatest of English novelists, was once asked if he had read a certain new book,—“I bake cakes,” he said, “but I eat bread”

You can easily prove to yourselves the truth of what I say. Can any of you read “Ben Hur,” or “Dion and the Sibyls,” or “Fabiola,” without experiencing an exhilaration of good purpose? One must be very impassable—very void of fine feelings,—if one does not have all good resolves helped by such books. After reading such books it seems easy to suffer and to die for the right. And if the young man must dream, let him dream that he is Pancratius or Ben Hur,—let the young girl dream that she is Fabiola or Esther. And yet dreams are dangerous. They may become our masters before we know it. If we dream great things, we may realize them, but they must be things that strengthen and elevate our minds. It is only by strengthening the good in us that we can grow into our best selves. Literature is such a strong factor in life because its influence works in us unconsciously to ourselves. If we only knew how much our actions in supreme moments of life,—in times of crisis—depend on the little thoughts and acts that preceded them, we should keep vigilant watch on the little foxes that make way through the gaps in our hedges. It is the carelessness of venial sins that make mortal sins easy. We, in this world, are like the violins in a great orchestra. If we are not kept in tune, we lose in fineness of quality and, when the Great Leader of this wondrous earthly orchestra waves His baton, we are found wanting; we make discord. To be at our best always, we must keep ourselves in tune with the best of the instruments near us. And the best of these instruments are good books.

They are true friends. We can always have them with us. As a clear-sighted writer says, they never take offence, they never betray our confidence, they are ready to counsel, to interest us at any moment. They have no moods. A word from them often falls into our minds like a stone into a clear pool. It makes ripples that

reflect in prismatic hues the face and the sun of heaven. No; we must not underrate the influence of books. And in these days when it is truer than it was in Solomon’s time, that of the making of books there is no end, we must be careful how we choose our books. Bad books have ruined as many men as bad whiskey, and sentimental love stories have made as many women useless and unworthy of their high destiny as evil companions. The mission of women is the highest mission on earth. When God sent His Son on earth He intrusted Him to the care of her—the Virgin—blessed among women. Women, as mothers, as teachers, by precept, by example, rule the world. Therefore, they owe to themselves, to society, to God, to make themselves worthy of their vocation.

There have been women, like George Eliot and George Sand, who held Literature to be the best thing in life. There is a woman writing to-day who holds the same opinion. Her name is Vernon Lee, and all her knowledge and all her literary skill are wielded against God. The life of George Eliot shows that genius and the finest literary skill cannot compensate for the loss of God as revealed by Himself. Her life was sad, as you can see by the letters which her husband, Mr. Cross, has left us. Practically rejecting Christianity, she committed a breach of morality for which her greatest admirers dare not apologize. You see that Literature without God does not make men and women virtuous. For without God it is only part of itself. Cardinal Newman well says that a university without a Chair of Theology is incomplete. It is so with Literature. Literature without Christ is futile. So futile is it, that all poets since the time of Augustus are, in spite of themselves, Christian in their best moments.

Even George Eliot could not escape the charm of St. Teresa. Her imagination clung to the proud figure of Savonarola, though I would not advise you to take her view of that great monk’s character, or of Charles Kingsley’s Cyril, in his novel of “Hypolia.” She made a noble picture of Florence. And, in “Daniel Deronda,” a fine defence of the Jews. That, I think, was the most Christian thing she ever did. For we owe our morality, our Christianity itself to Hebrews, as well as the highest literature we have, the sacred Scriptures. It was a Christian act to recall this, and Christians are unworthy of the name who are not willing to acknowledge their obligation to that grand old race.

Some of you may say that you cannot read Dante; that Shakspeare is too heavy; that Milton seems like a task; that even the Vicar of

Wakefield and Rasselas tire you. Then I say that you are a bad case of mental dyspepsia. You must take a course of reading which will be a tonic; but for very shame you must learn to like good books.

When I see, in the street cars of a large city, working girls going home at night, each carrying her luncheon-box and a paper-covered novel, when this novel is usually "Molly Bawn," or "The Fatal Wedding," by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, or "Miss Middleton's Lover," by that trashiest of all story-writers, Miss Mary Jane Libby, I can find much excuse for them. They have worked hard all their lives. They have had no chance to know better. Their taste for good books has never been cultivated. At best, they have gabbled through the perfunctory lessons of a public school, and completed their education by the reading of the newspapers, and taken a post-graduate course with the assistance of "The Duchess," "Ouida," and Bertha M. Clay.

Are we to tolerate this kind of reading among young gentlewomen, who have every advantage of education and culture? If they leave school without a taste for good books, "classic books," your education has been a partial failure. It is your mission to lead, not to follow,—to set an example of the cultivation and grace which should belong to a gentlewoman in these days. And every year the world is becoming more exacting. We, in America, are passing beyond the brick and mortar epoch; we are becoming more highly civilized and more exacting. Men are no longer satisfied with ignorance and a brownstone house, nor with bad pictures in rich gold frames, nor with carved book-cases and nothing in them. Similarly, they judge education by a higher standard. And, as you grow older, young ladies, you will find that a mere smattering of literature will satisfy neither yourself nor your friends. "To ask a man or woman," says Frederick Harrison, "who spends half a life-time in sucking magazines and new poems, to read a book of Homer would be like asking a butcher's boy to whistle the 'Adelaïda.'" This is true; transient, periodical literature is a bane of our civilization. Now, I suppose you may consider me snobbish for introducing Mr. Harrison's butcher boy. You may say why should not a butcher boy whistle the "Adelaïda." Well, there is no law against it. And if the butcher boy is virtuous and cultivated, he is as good a gentleman as anybody in the land. There is no aristocracy, except the aristocracy of virtue and cultivation. As Tennyson says,

"'Tis only noble to be good."

But, remember, that one must in this country be educated as well as good. You may be descended from all the kings on earth, you may be rich and "prominent," and be everything that answers for rank in this country; but without cultivation,—which presupposes a taste for and a knowledge of Literature,—you can never be gentlewomen. We may say what we please; we may hunt up our coats of arms and our crests, and our cousins may even marry foreign titles; but, in our hearts, we know it is all a sham. In this country, the only aristocracy is that of the heart and the head,—of character and acquirements. We cannot make it otherwise, unless we make the country over again, and blot out the Declaration of Independence.

People who read only the lower books acquire false ideas of life. And as most of these lower books are reprints of worthless English novels, we find that our young people found their ideas of life on the English plan. They know all about vicars and squires and young curates who play lawn tennis; they tremble with delight when the heroine refuses a baronet and accepts a duke. They learn to love a title, and they dream of a time, when, entering society in a new gown made by Madame Elise or Worth, the music stops, for the musicians are so charmed by their beauty that they cannot play. And then the young duke or the young lord asks them to dance and they float away, etc., etc.

"They live in Greece,
And die in peace,
And are buried in a pot of ashes"

You know the usual ending. The music does not stop in real life. Nor do we find young dukes or young lords prowling about in this country, unless it is for their own country's good. And, even the young duke, if he were the sort of man painted in the novels, would expect something more of his wife than that she should let down her hair and play the harp, while the ambient clouds, tinged with the rosy light of sunset, approached the golden sun as if weeping for the glamour of some lost planet.

Forgive me this digression. I have written novels myself. That is why I know so much about them. And nobody can say of me that which is sometimes said of your reverend instructors,—"What does he know about novels?" I know a great deal. I have written novels myself, but I have reformed.

III.

Let me tell you how I made novels. First, I must ask you not to misunderstand me. A great novel,—like "Fabiola," "Ben Hur," "Lorna

Doone," "Esmond," "Dion and the Sybils,"—is a gift of God. But the average novel is generally a gift of the devil. My novels were something between the two,—purgatorial. I mention them here, to show you that the novelist very often smiles at the ignorance of his audience, and regrets the necessity of writing trash for them. My novels were written when I was a young man. To be frank—and I say *mea culpa, mea culpa* in parenthesis,—they were written for money. This was the *modus operandi*. My publisher said: "This is the first of December, we want a novel by the middle of January." "Very well," I said. "The fashion in novels now is that the hero should be a tall light man with side whiskers and a frank open smile that shows rows of glittering white teeth, and that the heroine should be short, with scornful, curling lips, black hair, and eyes that reflect the light like shimmering waves when the silver rays of the moon fall first upon it." "Very well," I said, "how much?" Of course the publisher did not like this interruption; but I always settled that first before we thought of the love story at all. "It must be a novel of society." "Very well," I said. "There must be dukes and counts and lords in it." "Of course," I answered. "And, above all, Mr. Egan," he would end solemnly, "the dresses must be described." This filled me with fear, but I never showed it. "And, if you expect to make money out of it, there must be plenty of action."

I was just twenty years old at this time. You may imagine how competent I was to write of life. But I went on with the story. Love, murder, suicide, bankruptcy, grief, despair, were easy to me. But when it came to the question of women's gowns, I was unhappy,—very unhappy. I went to a fashion plate for consolation and instruction. It was worse than one of Father Zahim's meteorological maps. But I saw a number on the margin, and this number was duplicated in the body of the fashion plate. The number was 27,—it ought to have been thirteen, for thirteen is said to be an unlucky number. After 27 was written these words: "A pink polonaise," and then some obscure directions. After careful reflection, I came to the conclusion that it was some graceful article for the neck,—a sort of a *fichu*. How could an unfortunate bachelor know better? And so I wrote: "Mabel turned pale at her mother's words; and, in her agitation forgetting the presence of the gay throng around, threw her polonaise upon the ground and fainted away."

The critics very soon taught me what polonaise meant. I know it now.

As I said, I went to work at my novel. My plan was to send the publisher two chapters every day. He responded to the first instalment by a slip of paper on which was written "more action." I understood what he meant. He wanted a few more murders and a suicide or two. I put in more action. The next day there came another note, "more action." The heroine then refused five offers of marriage and I made the villain,—a gentleman with green eyes "which shone with the glint of emeralds in Cimmerian darkness,"—poison his grandfather and kidnap his two nephews. And I said to myself: "the publisher will be satisfied now." But he was not. Though you may think it strange, he was not. Again, after reading this chapter of horrors, he sent me another demand for action. I plunged into work again. And when the chapter was finished, the stage was as well covered with corpses as it is in the last act of Hamlet. But this did not satisfy him. You can imagine my feelings! Action! I plunged into horrors. I left my hero hanging to the brink of a precipice by his finger-tips, while he strangled a boa-constrictor with his toes. And, after all this, there came in response, a slip of paper from the publisher on which was written "more action!"

I went to the publishing-house in a state of disgust. I saw the office-boy. "Where is Mr. So-and-So?" "At Newport." "And Mr. Thomas So-and-So?" "At Newport, too." "And the junior member of the firm?" "At Newport, too." "How long have they been away?" "Oh, about ten days!" "How can Mr. So-and-So have written these notes, then?" "Oh," said the office-boy, "he wrote them before he left; he left orders to have them sent to you every day."

This is an example of how novels are written by machinery! It shows, too, how much reliance is to be put on the average novelist's pictures of life. I was just twenty years old when I wrote a financially successful novel. I shall not tell its name, because I am not proud of it. But all the young ladies read it in 1872. They thought, no doubt, that I knew life very well. You would have fancied that I floated on the crest of the most exalted society; that I knew nobody less than a duke; that I spent my life in one round of polite dissipation; that I was a very sentimental person. But, in reality, I spent my time in studying very hard, and I seldom went out at all.

Do you see how the books which form our young people's views of life are made? At the risk of seeming egotistical, I have given you my experience. Mr. Nugent Robinson, who writes such charming things in the *Ave Maria*, once

told me that he had longed to meet a certain famous novelist. He had at last an invitation to an assembly at which she was to be present. He yearned for the moment to come; it came, and the famous author, whose sentimental and poetic descriptions of love and life had entranced, was in the act of drinking what the English call a pint of half-and-half. The foam which clung to her lips was not that of sibylline inspiration, but of prosaic porter!

And yet this lady's novels are devoured with avidity by people who take all their ideas of the refinements of life from her! Do not put your trust in the average novelist. For the sake of the tone of your mind, for the sake of your style in writing do not look on Literature as a mere distraction. They say,—I do not know how true it is,—that if one writes with lemon juice on a blank sheet of paper and, at some time after, hold the sheet before the fire, the writing will appear distinctly. And so it is with what you read in youth. It may seem to have no effect; but when the fires of the world try you, this apparently colorless writing blazes out and helps to direct your actions in moments of temptation.

Choose a few books. Keep them with you. Read them often. Acquire a taste for them. Be satisfied with nothing but the best. Begin by reading some parts of the Sacred Scriptures. For, apart from its being the Word, there is no higher poetry on earth than Isaías, no higher prose than the parables of our Lord. Then we have "The Following of Christ,"—a book recognized even by infidels as a masterpiece. Think for a moment of the measureless influence which these books have had on the lives of millions. Take lower books,—take great novels like that of Sir Walter Scott, take Robinson Crusoe,—which, by the way, is not a book merely for children. A great philosophy underlies it. It shows what a man, by exercising the energies God has given him, may do. It is a prose epic on the triumph of mind over matter. "The great masterpieces of the world are thus, quite apart from the solace they give us, the master instruments of a solid education."

If you leave school without a taste for good books, your education has partially failed. And so exacting has society become, so important is Literature in life, that if you look on it as a mere amusement,—a light and trifling amusement,—you will have deep regrets your whole life long.



The Yellowstone Park.

BY A. F. Z.

V.—GRAND CANON AND FALLS.

In a few moments more we have cast baggage at the Falls Hotel and started for the river along a winding trail. As we approach the upper falls we perceive a white cloud of mist rising from the cañon, and hear an immense thundering like the roar of a distant train. The water for half a mile above the falls runs very rapidly past large black boulders, and reaching the descent leaps far out a magnificent white flood which tumbles violently down the rough, steep, sloping bed, rolling and foaming like a thousand mill-dams. Ladies and men sit on the rocky verge of this precipice all evening watching the terrible surge and spray toiling in the mighty pitch battle below, without rest, without relief, bitter and inevitable as the great struggle of humanity. But this is only the beginning. Half a mile farther down the ravine, the waters again run over a precipice more than twice the height of this into a cañon of unrivalled grandeur. This fall measures 140 feet in height, the other 297; this is flanked on the right by lofty rugged mountains, on the left by a deep forest; the other flows through a matchless gorge, unique both in form and color. From a vague distance the grand cañon looks like a mammoth V-shaped ditch, fresh cut through the mountains for a railway, but of such magnitude as the might of man never yet dared attempt. Panama with its millions of money and unnumbered graves, or the awful Nochistongo, where seventeen thousand poor diggers laid down their lives, would here be unnoticed.

Looking through this gorge you see on its walls jutting crags, bluffs, and picturesque forms like so many old ruins standing out in a vista of the most striking perspective. So it is from a distance. Following a narrow footpath, we wandered half a mile obliquely down the ravine, having its immense depth on our right, an immense height on our left.

Finally, we began to approach the bottom of the ravine above the falls, and could see the clear water running over its stony bed brightly indeed, but not raging. It seemed to be but two or three feet deep and sixty or eighty wide, and not very promising. But though not boisterous it yet glided very swiftly, thus being able to carry a very great volume and leap far out.

My friend arrived at the falls first and walked directly up to the verge of the shelf and looked

over. He bent over more and seemed to look farther and farther down as if fascinated and bewildered; then of a sudden drew back with a shudder and clutched the railing nervously, taking a long breath like one recovering from a sudden alarm. Then he turned about with the most solemn expression of awe, and requested me to haste and look too, which I did. Though just from Shoshone and defying surprise I yet found this an amazing sight. The smooth glassy stream suddenly finds itself without bottom in mid-air; then drops sheer down, down, down, drawing the eye with it and the breath down, down like an unfolding veil without measure, waving and streaming out of sight, lost in the mists and clouds below. It rushes up to this precipice so indifferently and without hesitation, over it goes impetuous and heedless as the world's mad race: seething, unfolding, flash-

borrowed from all the others to make this a masterpiece. What immeasurable depths, what exquisite and matchless sculpturing, what transcendent colors everywhere! Here on the cliff lies the departing snow, down in the abyss are steaming hot springs, here an abrupt precipice of amazing height, there the sloping walls down which the decaying earth still glides to be borne away. A myriad shades of yellow and white, pink, red and brown variegate the walls; a myriad bastions, towers and battlements stand out from the decaying walls like some ancient rampart of the gods—columns, pillars, domes, colossi and monuments—a world of gigantic architecture that far outdoes the wonders of Carnac, or of the mighty palace of Sennach-erib.

All is ruin! The mountains are in ruin, and the blind inexorable powers are everywhere supreme. Soon this unearthly pageantry will vanish too, will crumble away and go down with the flood, for mountains too have their grave—they and the universe. What a huge contest this; what an awful struggle of these infinities that measures itself by centuries! Men come and go and vanish from the earth; forests rise and live their period and disappear; these, struggling on for unnumbered ages, stand the brunt of storms and contending elements, but succumb no less surely. How valiantly stand these gigantic champions, and yet how mourn-



CANVASS BEDROOM, FALLS HOTEL.

ing, a flood of brilliants and gems; down it goes a foaming avalanche of Alpine splendor, torn by the opposing winds, and hissing like a meteor down to the torrent below chafing its narrow way through the cañon. We look long over the beetling cliff, gazing far down, but see no bottom only the rising mists that shower on the barren walls clothing them in robes of emerald; we cast out a stone, and it falls, falls for many seconds and disappears without sound.

This is severe beauty and grandeur. No playful eddies here, no dalliance, no laughing waters, but the solemn and tremendous sweep of destiny. Few other falls on the continent surpass this in the display of power and grace; no other in all the world can compare with it in wonder and magnificence of environment. For who can describe the cañon below! It has no counterpart in the world, and nature has

ful, on whose mighty brows are stamped infinity, and the grave and their silent scarred fronts are clothed in sorrow, as of one sore taxed in the battle of life though still resisting. Save the tyrant water, all is silent: the forest, the air and the great heaven above as if in sympathy with this final conflict; as if reading in this vast catastrophe their own inevitable doom. An overwhelming gloom weighs down all the pulses of life, and all is one mighty sepulchre.

How dreary and solemn must it be here in winter, when the hoarse, bitter blasts come howling among the mountains, when all life is flown of leaves and birds and the friendly face of man. How beautiful when the all-embracing snow lies deep in the forest, and over these far-reaching walls throws its sparkling mantle of white! And when the gorge becomes as a temple of alabaster, to see beside the frozen cataract

GRAND CANON AND FALLS.



the vast hanging massés of ice incandescent with flashing lights, like a pure diamond altar mountain high before which clouds of perpetual incense rise; to see the mists falling in flakes on the snowy walls, and hear the quiet, insidious frost at work in the midst of this mighty architecture, splitting its proud foundations and pillars that go thundering down amid the roar of avalanches! How like a lesson from eternity mocking at the follies of man, building up in



mimicry of his pomps and monuments, his palaces and proud capitols this gorgeous art work, and again knocking it down in derision! How also when the showers come loosening the snows, when the floods, breaking among the hills, come roaring along the valleys in savage grandeur, they too mock the storms of men, the wrath, the armies, the dynasties that rage highly for a season, then blow over, and go down to the dust forever!

It is at once impressive and captivating to stand in presence of these wonders. After a period of musing and quiet observation, I turned to look for my friend. He was perched on a rock high over the falls in absolute silence. So mute and pious he sat there, looking like a pretty cherub set up for an ornament, that it was necessary to stone him a little to induce him to come on to supper.

It was now sunset, and we retraced our way up the steep trail. Near the hotel a little rustic bridge spans a narrow gorge through which flows a merry little stream dancing over a series of ledges in a most charming manner. "There is first a fall of five feet, which is immediately succeeded by another of fifteen, into a pool as clear as amber, nestled beneath over arching rocks. Here the stream lingers as if half reluctant to continue its course, then gracefully emerges from the grotto, and, veiling the rocks down an abrupt descent of eighty four feet, passes rapidly on to the Yellowstone. For a wonder this charming fall has received a corresponding name—Crystal Cascade. An infinite variety of volcanic specimens, quartz, feld-spar, mica granites, lavas, basalts, composite crystals—in fact, everything from asbestos to obsidian is represented by fragments in the bed of this stream."

When night came, a hundred guests were grouped about the little hotel, chatting and relating strange adventures. On the porch we met again our Louisville friends and the two ministers. They had been far below the falls,

and were still enraptured with the glories of the Grand Cañon. All voices, hands and faces extolled its grandeur with the eloquence of passionate enthusiasm, naming every standpoint, and urging us to visit all in the morning. Everyone agrees that this is the gorgeous cañon of the continent. It is not the deepest nor longest nor most rugged. In these particulars it is far surpassed by the great cañon of the Colorado. In awfulness, tremendous strength, stern, dark, overwhelming, soul-subduing features many others far excel it; but in glory, no. It is clothed in the beauty of a sublime art,—the grace and venerable majesty that dwell in ancient temples and palaces,—adorned by the genius of unearthly sculpture, architecture and transcendent coloring. Here and there one finds also some of the tools employed in this gigantic work. Ages ago mighty glaciers used to come down to carve and scour the cañon, using for that purpose immense boulders of many tons weight; and when banished, they fled precipitately leaving their tools behind them. One of enormous weight lies among the pine trees near the footpath a few rods from the margin of the cañon. It is of dark granite about thirty feet long by twenty high, and shaped very much like a house with a two-sided roof. The cañon at this place is more than a thousand feet deep, and must have been filled to overflowing with the icy current that bore down this huge rock from its neighbors far up the valley. It looks very strange and lonely here with nothing near it but sand and soft argillaceous stone.

Drivers and hotel men urge the use of saddle-horses for this trip, but the clergymen say no. You cannot conveniently ride a horse out among the beetling cliffs and best points of observation. They advise even ladies who are fond of walking to make the journey afoot, recommending for safety at the dizzy look out points the engagement of some brave strong oak to cling to ivywise, also to assist in climbing the rugged roads, to shelter and protect, to drive away bears and weary hours. They had met a number of young people on horseback who seemed not to enjoy the trip. They could not get the horrid animals to "gee" and "haw" rightly; they were afraid of falling off bridges and embankments; they were tortured by the playful pine trees that kept reaching down to catch their bonnets, their hair, their veils, and what not—"the ugly things!"

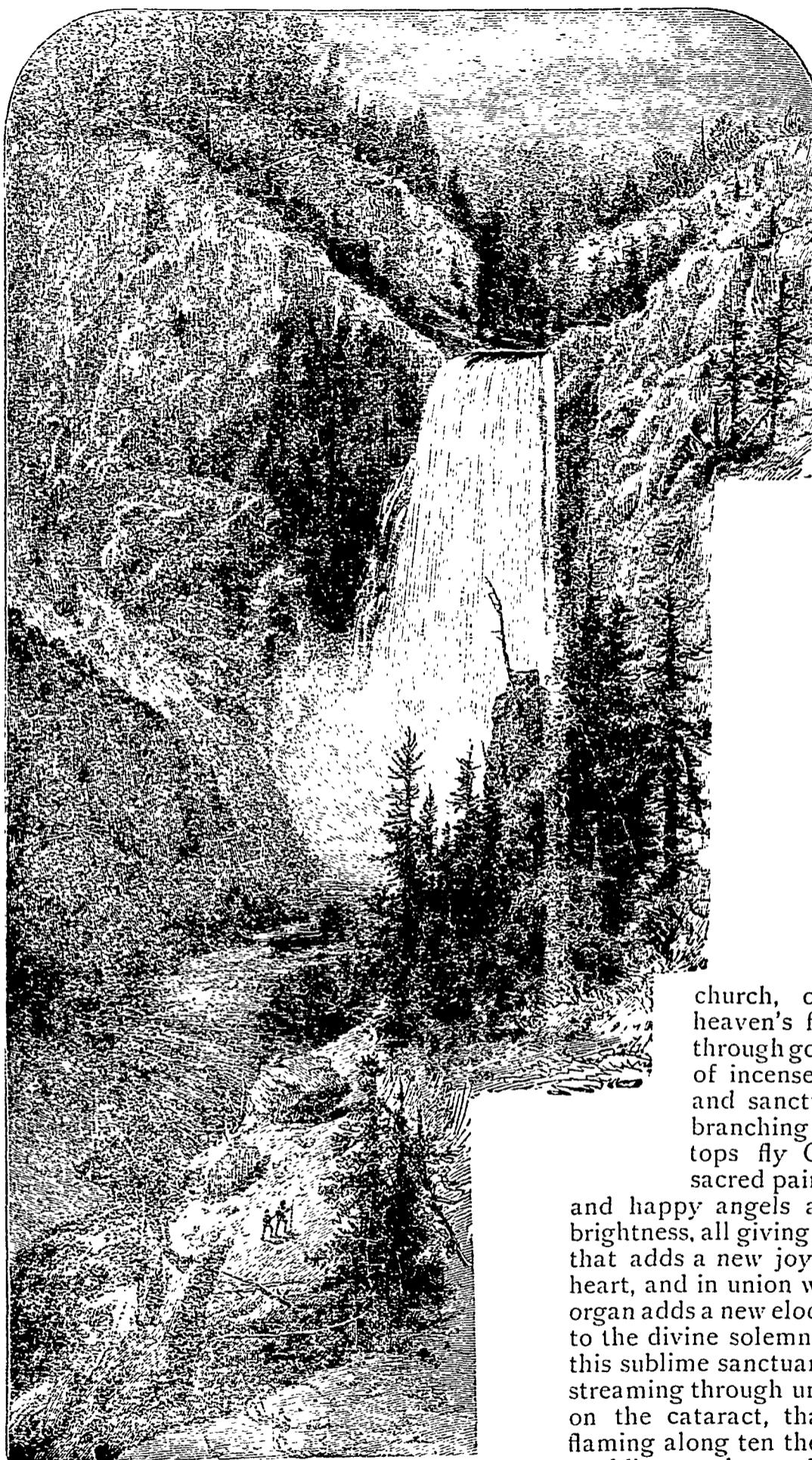
The Louisville people had additional reasons to give. While the old men remained at the hotel, three of the party, mother, son and daughter, went on horseback to see the cañon and

came near seeing destruction. Following the trail near the verge of a high precipice, the horses took fright, and one, in attempting to whirl about, stepped with his hind feet over the embankment, throwing the young lady from her saddle. With a scream of despair she was disappearing headlong over the frightful abyss, when her brother, catching her skirt, assisted her in reascending. They then returned to the hotel afoot and in a paralysis of terror. As the brother repeated the story to us, he clutched his fingers together, as if to try them, then opened them again, and looked curiously at them, saying: "These fingers are all that saved my sister's life."

Everything is pleasant about the hotel, but nothing more so than the landlord. Nice man the landlord is—very nice. Always smiling, always willing, always obliging. Ask him a favor and he assents most cheerfully. "Certainly, sir, certainly, just in a minute." Ask him again in half an hour. "Yes, sir, certainly, sir; immediately." Come to him again in half an hour later, and he smiles with the most gracious, hearty good-will, and again renews his promise. Always very pleasant, never refuses a favor, never grants it, never grows impatient. Very nice man, indeed. He is a small man too, and his wife a very big one. He has long since succumbed to force of circumstances, and therefore is supremely happy; for "happiness begins just so soon as a man has learned to make truce with necessity." He is the happiest man we have seen in many a year, and has been dubbed the Smiling Landlord.

He gave us a pretty tent to sleep in, with four beds and a wash-basin. Four times he promised a pitcher of water to wash with, and the fifth time an honest bedfellow from Michigan brought it himself. But when some one applied for a bucket of chips to smoke out the assembled legions of mosquitoes that darkened all the canvas, blinking their savage eyes, tuning up their trumpets for the blast of onslaught, and whetting their implements of war—legions that hung like destruction, coolly awaiting the hour of advantage, the signal and command of onset; "no," replied he graciously, "I have no bucket; very sorry, very sorry, indeed; but don't mind the mosquitoes, they won't hurt you, they're never out after eight o'clock." And he was right.

At four next morning a number of unwashed, half-attired men were seen speeding through the forest at Indian pace to observe the sun rise from the cañon. Away they go in eager haste three miles and a half and stop at Inspiration Point. Running out a narrow promontory that extends into the cañon, they perch in silence upon a dangerous and lofty pinnacle, with feet hanging over the vertical sides a quarter of a mile high. On every side a world yawns beneath them—a world of silence, of death and of unearthly gloom. Far to the east and west the old battle-scarred walls extend "majestic though in ruin" still subject to the relentless elements and the uncurbed torrent raging below. Above,



THE GREAT FALLS.

mensity of living light, mingled with the mighty murmur of waters, of winds, and the awakening world of life proclaim to the assembled mountains the effulgence, the beauty, the immortal splendor of Him who made them. Or as when an adventurer in the valleys of the clouds beholds on all sides the radiant walls of those airy blazing Hymalayas seen at eventide, in which the genii of the thunder-storm range through the vast illuminated deep forecasting April floods —huge fiery masses that rise like mountain on mountain to ineffable height, toppling over and frowning destruction, yet silent and beautiful with the glow of heaven—so beam these majestic walls purpling through heights and depths insuperable.

the quiet and serene vault of heaven; below, the fiery stream of Erebus roaring along its burning bed, nourished by fountains of sulphur, and wrapped in foul, purgatorial mists.

And now the Panorama begins. To the west glow the mighty falls, clothed in their immaculate robes of morning, and veiled with clouds of gossamer; from the depths arised dewy mists like incense in a hallowed place; to the east the gorgeous banners of dawn stream across the illumined sky, as the sun with majestic glory rises above the orient walls flooding the chasm with splendor. How play the shadows and gaudy colors moving in silence through the incensed air, chasing and whirling like a world of dancing fairies or the spirits of day and night contending! Myriad beams of silver and gold stream athwart the resplendent chasm, and with mingled light and shade embellish the rich coloring of this mighty fantastic architecture.

As when in our lovely church, on Communion morning, heaven's first bright rays streaming through gorgeous windows and clouds of incense fall on the golden altars and sanctuaries, the aisles and high branching pillars in whose sheltering tops fly Cherubim; the walls and sacred paintings; the lamps and stars

and happy angels all flaming with heavenly brightness, all giving and reflecting a holy light that adds a new joy to the transport of every heart, and in union with the great voice of the organ adds a new eloquence, a new magnificence to the divine solemnities of Benediction; so in this sublime sanctuary of nature a like splendor streaming through unmeasured depths, flashing on the cataract, that altar of purest jewels, flaming along ten thousand peaks, as of all the world's temples and magnificence arrayed in worship; a like wilderness of color, and an im-

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The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC will always be glad to receive information concerning former students and graduates of the University.

—The SCHOLASTIC has been somewhat tardy in making its appearance since the holidays. We think we shall have to lay the blame upon the calendar, which caused our Christmas vacation to end rather late last week. However, we make partial amends this week by an increase in the number of our pages and an unusually plentiful store of good, reading.

—Our readers will be pleased to see printed entire in this issue the able lecture recently delivered by Prof. Maurice F. Egan. The subject—"Literature as a Factor in Life"—is one the practical utility of which imparts additional interest to the masterly treatment which it receives at the hands of this eminent English scholar. Prof. Egan's lecture will be read and re-read with attention, delight and profit.

The Boston School Troubles.

[The following is a portion of a remarkable article, from the pen of MRS. MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE, which appears in the January number of the *Catholic World*. The writer presents the subject in a calm, unimpassioned manner and with such logical acumen as must carry conviction to every intelligent mind whose rational powers have not been warped by bigotry and prejudice. The entire article in the pages of the *World* should be read by every one.]

Before the committee, in the main thus constituted,* a complaint was brought in May of last year to the effect that in the English High School a certain teacher had from time to time insulted the intelligence of his pupils by giving erroneous interpretations of historical facts, and had continued to do so after his attention had been called to the mistake. The complainant also stated that the teacher in question had "trespassed on the forbidden ground of religion," and demanded an investigation, provided the accusation was proven correct. An inquiry was immediately instituted. The statements were found to be exact, with the reservation on the teacher's part that the interpretations given by him were drawn from the text of the standard history which had been for some years in use among the higher grades of schools. This also was looked into. The book in question, Swinton's, was discovered to be "misleading and ambiguous," affording opportunity by its definitions for individual prejudice or ignorance to distort truth in proffering explanation. The publishers of Swinton's *History* were thus advised by the committee of investigation, and offered an opportunity of revising its mistakes; the teacher Mr. Travis, was admonished that he was clearly outside his duties in meddling with religious subjects at all, but that, if he still preferred to offer personal opinions upon doctrinal points, he should make himself sure of the correctness of his statements. Neither suggestion was accepted. The publishers declined to make any change, and Mr. Travis persisted in his former line of conduct to the extent of recurring to the subject in a set of examination papers given to his class. The answers to these papers showed such a want of clear information, and such an innocent misconception of the real facts on the part of the pupils, that the committee proceeded to supplement their earlier action by severer methods. Such an evident bias had been imparted by Mr. Travis in the teaching given his boys that his charge was transferred from the department of mediæval to that of ancient history, where such mistakes would be hereafter impossible without, however, interfering either with his rank or the salary belonging to it. At the same time Swinton's was dropped from the authorized list of text-books.

* The board was composed of a Congregational minister, a Hebrew rabbi, half a dozen doctors, half a dozen lawyers, a college president, one or two ex-school superintendents and masters, two female members, and a quota of practical business men.

Now, bearing in mind that the public schools were to be kept as free from error as is consistent with human frailty, and as removed from taint of religious bigotry as is possible to human conscientiousness, what other course was left open to the men in charge of these interests? Two grave accusations had been made; both had been found to be correct. Not only regard for the integrity and purity of education, but the positive demand of public opinion for unsectarian teaching, required that both these defects should be instantly remedied. The action as taken was one of moderation and fairness, and it was practically unanimous. Only two out of the twenty-four members voted against the propriety of the rebuke, and it was thus placed on record.

Hereupon ensues a result which makes one doubt either consistency of principle or loyalty of purpose on the part of a certain portion of the public. A storm of angry denunciation sweeps through city and State. Mass-meetings of indignation are held in Faneuil Hall and Tremont Temple; newspapers give large space to editorial comment and incendiary protestation; the pulpits of the city are made rostrums for fiery appeals to the bigotry and prejudice of the people. Here and there a few of the best journals—notably the *Advertiser*—try to stem the torrent of popular vituperation by a calm statement of facts and truth in the case, and by the urgent representation that justice could be satisfied with no less, and clemency ask no more, than the actual turn affairs had taken. It was as unnoted as a child's wall of sand before the incoming tide, and as useless. A frenzy seemed to possess both the populace and its leaders. A "Committee of a Hundred" chosen from secular ranks, and a committee of clerics from the Evangelical Alliance, were appointed to wait upon the School Board with only the insufficient and often erroneous data of the public press as foundation for complaint; and upon the occasions appointed for receiving these petitions of remonstrance, every attempt at elucidation before the hearing was deliberately and decidedly refused, as if they feared lest the quarrel should be too easily settled. "You will not, then, allow one of your own class, a Protestant minister like yourselves, to lay before you the simple facts concerning his and our ground of action?" inquired the chairman of the text-book division. "No. We are here to present a remonstrance, not to listen to explanation," answered the reverend spokesman. "I congratulate you on placing yourself on record by the side of Sir Lucius O'Trigger," retorted the chairman, with pardonable irony, and the hearing went on. The disturbance was instantly seized upon by politicians. Twenty-five thousand women were urged into taking the steps necessary as a preparation for voting, and they were instructed to consider the merits of candidates solely from their partisan attitude in relation to the school question. Toward the

last of this special excitement a large number of Catholic women, acting under legal advice, qualified themselves also to make use of the ballot, if necessary to protect their principles.

The reason for this tremendous outburst was not far to seek. The merits of the case are stated here with absolute fairness; the circumstances are line for line as laid down in the preceding paragraphs. But the historical fact misstated was one relating to the Catholic Church; the ignorant and prejudiced explanation was given on a point of Catholic doctrine; the person who brought the circumstances first to the notice of the board was a Catholic priest. Lo! then, why reason should run out the door and justice fly through the window! Here was *prima facie* evidence that Jesuits were tampering with the public system, and that a corrupt and venal school committee were aiding and abetting their designs! If it had been a Protestant minister pointing out an injury done the consciences of his people by a libellous interpretation of some teaching of his church; or a rabbi asking that slander against the convictions of his race should be suppressed from the text-books his children were required to use in daily study; or even an atheistic student of history demanding, in the interests of accuracy, that some point now wrongly defined should be correctly stated, and that the flippancy and narrowness of private belief should not be allowed to color public instruction, and if these suggestions had been accepted—all would have been well. The public mind, if moved at all by the announcement, would have been stirred to gratitude that some such guardianship over just and faithful training existed, rather than to wrath over complaint and complainant. But a Catholic doctrine! And a Catholic priest! And an attempt to insist that a Protestant teacher should not meddle with dogma, or, if he did, should give the truth instead of his distortion of it! To arms at once and no quarter! Liberty of conscience was threatened and the freedom of the public schools! Alas! that the old leaven of bigotry is so lively and so subtle even yet in the inner consciousness of New England that her children can mistake intolerance for earnestness and dogmatism for justice; that reason can be so usurped by conceit as to blind them to the real nature of a failing, and to make them, while assailing the phantom of sectarianism, be themselves the body and soul of fanaticism!

In deed and truth the Rev. Father Metcalf—American born and bred, a public-school graduate, a convert, and a brilliant scholar—was wholly within his right as a citizen in the step taken. Waiving entirely the special religious aspect of the case, anyone noting the introduction of theological matter into presumably unsectarian schools, or the inaccuracy of historical statements in presumably correct text-books, is doing a kindness to the state and the people in pointing out his discovery, since he ultimately strengthens the desired aim in promoting liberal

and truthful knowledge. And ordinarily any such service would have been so recognized by the public; for the public has in the main that intuitive perception between wrong and right which the vulgar call "horse sense." But the word Catholic and the alertness of the leaders were too much. The animal instinct of animosity did not give time for the sober second thought of intelligence to gain the ascendancy; and the result is before us. Then, too, the sentiment of those sentinels of the outer gates—those wardens of small sects and petty interests—whose positions are somewhat dependent upon a condition of unrest rather than of quiet, sounded the tocsin too suddenly to admit of sober reflection. They called the rank and file into battalions and placed them under party banners almost before the good people knew what they were to fight against.

The main interest in this episode, which makes it deserve more than passing notice, lies not in the demonstration itself, but in the conditions which have made it possible. That such an outburst could take place, after long years of companionship and mutual trusts had brought Catholic and Protestant into intimate and harmonious relations and given to each a passably clear comprehension of the other's motives, shows the bias of old conservatism to be too strong for the liberalism of modern times. No thread is so hard to disentangle from the woof of character as that of heredity, especially, most unfortunately, if it mark a dark instead of a bright line. Neither that gallant march, shoulder to shoulder, through the long years of the war of the rebellion, nor the willing offering of limb and life on the battlefields of the republic, nor the respect won for honorable offices well filled in every department of government, have sufficed to wipe out the stain of distrust and suspicion which still soils the average New England mind in its estimate of Catholic citizenship. A reed shaken by the wind is enough to put in motion, even at this late day, the currents of calumny. To be sure Boston is not New England, and the whole of Boston did not join in the hue and cry against an act of justice. Many of its best and most broadly cultivated gave unqualified assent to the grounds of action and the final position taken; but outside this, in city and country, unreasoning clamor and virulent abuse were almost unanimous. There was not sense enough left in the community to perceive that all this feverish excitement and quixotic tilting at windmills was simply playing into the hands of their pet horror, the parochial school; and that Catholics, confronted thus by positive evidence of the hollowness of pretence in the unsectarian system, would consider themselves obliged, willing or unwilling, to found educational establishments of their own.

If the zealots who so loudly raised the cry of "seditious practices," "popish interference with the liberty of American institutions," or "dan-

ger to the public schools," would reflect for a moment, it would become as clear to themselves as it already is to the rest of the world that it is their action and not that of the Catholics which is imperilling their chosen system. The attitude of the latter has been throughout thoroughly dignified and self-restrained. Secure in the justice of their position, they have refrained from useless discussion upon a subject which the best authorities among their adversaries have already sufficiently well stated for them. Professor Fisher, of Yale, probably the best historical reference in the country, has published a strong and fair statement of the doctrine of the Church on the topic in question. Many of the better class of daily and weekly papers, accepting his definition as absolute, drew the only inference possible—that in such case the remonstrant was wholly right in making his complaint, and the committee equally so in coming to their conclusions. But the zealot never reflects. It would deprive him of too much ammunition in the shape of bombastic firebrands, without which his style of warfare is impossible.

It would be matter of great interest to know what the national answer would be to the questions raised in this local issue. The latter part of the nineteenth century, in a republic which as yet is only in the formative stage, which prides itself upon liberty of thought, speech and action, and in the composition of which all nations and creeds find representation, would seem the last time and place in the world to look for fanaticism. Yet it is here, and in that portion which public opinion has united in considering its most enlightened centre, that the epidemic has broken loose. Such queries as the *Woman's Journal* has been circulating through its columns in apparent good faith: "Should Roman Catholics be elected on our School Board? Should Roman Catholics be permitted to teach in our public schools?" would be insults if they were not so naïvely absurd. By what right can any such question be asked concerning the formation or guardianship of non-sectarian schools, if there is any sincerity in the promise that they are to be kept wholly free from religious distinctions? What has creed or belief to do with qualifications wholly intellectual and temperamental verified by general competitive examinations, and subject to exact tests of fitness? And how can any Catholic place his child at a pupil's desk where the simple fact of his persuasion debars one of his co-religionists from filling the teacher's chair? Yet it is precisely such an issue as this which has caused the registration of over twenty-five thousand women in a single town to vote upon the school question this month, and to subserve every higher interest of suitability to this wholly irrelevant point.

. But let the people who are pushing matters to such an extremity reflect that theirs has been the harsh and bitter course of intolerance, theirs the opposition to simple

justice, theirs the unmasking of the hollow pretence of unsectarian education. Coming where it does, the disturbance is of a piece with certain lines of conduct which have periodically stained the fair fame of the commonwealth from its first settlement to the present day. Mr. Brooks Adams in his *Emancipation of Massachusetts* has made a keen and accurate dissection of her earlier history, and given graphic expression to the thralldom of the yoke under which she struggled for two centuries. He has shown how, under the hierarchy of ministers who so long controlled the functions of her government, her proud boast of "Freedom to worship God!" was made empty by the banishment of Anne Hutchinson and Roger Williams, the hanging of Quakers, the persecution of Catholics, the execution of witches, and the flogging of heretics at the cart-tail. The title of his work proves that he believes the State to have emerged from this condition of despotism. We who love her would gladly coincide with him; but the outbreak of Know-Nothingism thirty-five years ago, and this newer outburst of rancorous feeling today, would go to prove that she is not yet out of the penumbra. The one hopeful point of prognosis is that the shadows are cast now by the lower rather than the higher orders in the world of intellect and refinement. And the shortening of shadow is proof that the sun is rising.

Books and Periodicals.

TENURE AND TOIL: OR, RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF PROPERTY AND LABOR. By John Gibbons, LL. D., of the Chicago Bar. Philadelphia: I. B. Lippincott Co. 1888.

This is a notable contribution to literature on the great question of the day concerning the proper relations between capital and labor. It need not be said that the treatment of this momentous question has engaged the attention of the best minds and called forth most able and practical works upon the subject. Among these the work before us must take a very prominent place, and command the attention of thinking men whose position and influence may be such as to ameliorate the condition of individuals, and guard the interests of society. The author has evidently given long and careful study to the question in all its bearings, and treats his subject in a logical and practical manner. The underlying principle sustaining the whole is that the right of property is based upon "the law of natural justice, and its recognition and support find effective expression in the law of civil society."

The history and practical application of this principle through various nations and in the great epochs of the world's history, is succinctly and comprehensively set forth in numerous chapters in which, at the same time, we find exposed the abuses to which the false principles of socialistic and communistic theorists gave

rise. The work is divided into six "Books," each of which contains eight or more chapters, and the whole is included in a neat volume of about 350 pages. From Book IV we quote the following extract from a chapter showing the responsibilities of the State in regard to wrongs of the laborer:

"The State is responsible for the whiskey trusts; tobacco trusts, coffee trusts, sugar trusts, bread trusts, oil trusts, coal trusts, and gas trusts, which are combinations most foul to monopolize trade, regulate production, increase values, and crush unorganized competition. The organization of these trusts, being hostile to the best interests of society, ought to be prevented by making it a felony for individuals or the officers of corporations to enter into any such combination. The State is responsible for laws which make it possible for schemers and sharpers to drive out of business old and respected citizens who, through long years of honest industry and fair dealing, had built up a lucrative trade and gained the confidence of their creditors and neighbors. Honest business men cannot compete with the unscrupulous who sell their wares twenty-five per cent. below cost, and who, after placing the proceeds of their rascality beyond the reach of creditors, go into bankruptcy or make a sham assignment, and in a few days thereafter resume business as agents of their wives or mothers-in-law. It is the fault of the State that the wheels of traffic are now blocked, that business is demoralized, that thousands of men are out of work, and millions of dollars lost through the obstinacy of a railroad magnate on the one hand, or of a labor boss on the other. The State is responsible for the existence of all social and political conditions which work injury to the great body politic when it is within the power of the State, by legislation, to render such existence impossible, or to punish the conspirators who combine to bring about such conditions. The conditions referred to, with many others of a kindred nature, are the true causes of the direful discontent and dangerous unrest now pervading the masses, and it behooves the State, if it would save itself, to at once set about the removal of these causes by a wise, yet radical and far-reaching, system of legislation."

Indeed, the true remedy—and this is not lost sight of in the work—is in yielding to the influence of those lessons of Christianity which warn us against avarice, extravagance and covetousness; which tell us that "oppression of the poor" and "defrauding laborers of their wages," are sins crying to Heaven for vengeance.

The author is an old student of Notre Dame, of the Class of '68, and marked by his studious habits and natural abilities, which have long placed him in the foremost rank of the first lawyers of the Chicago Bar. We hope his work will meet with the extended circulation it so well deserves.

Personal.

—Very Rev. Provincial Corby left for New Orleans during Christmas week. He was accompanied by Rev. P. Klein, C. S. C., who will take charge of the Presidency of St. Isidore's College in that city.

—John B. Inderrieden, of Chicago, who was a student in the Preparatory and Commercial Course during the years '80, '81 and '82, has been making a tour of Europe for recreation and instruction. He lately visited the Eternal City.

—From the *Catholic Review* we take the fol-

lowing account of the elevation to the sacred priesthood of the Rev. W. Ollmet, C. S. C., a former member of the Faculty of the University. All the Rev. gentlemen mentioned were at one time students and professors at Notre Dame:

"On Sunday, December 23d, the Right Rev. Mgr. Neraz, D. D., Bishop of San Antonio, celebrated Pontifical High Mass in St. Mary's Church, Austin, Texas, and elevated to the holy priesthood the Rev. William Ollmet, C. S. C., one of the professors of St. Edward's College, who, on the Friday and Saturday previous had received the orders of subdeaconship and deaconship in the college chapel at the hands of the same Right Rev. Prelate. The archdeacon, or Bishop's assistant, in the solemn ceremony of ordination, was the Rev. P. J. Hurth, C. S. C., President of St. Edward's College. The deacon of the Mass was the Rev. Peter Lauth, C. S. C., pastor of St. Mary's Church; subdeacon, the Rev. J. B. Scheier, C. S. C., Vice-President of St. Edward's. The Rev. Michael Lauth, C. S. C., assistant pastor of St. Mary's Church, directed the choir in the rendition of a Mass from the Cecilian repertory, which was given very affectively. The sermon was preached by the Rev. P. Lauth, C. S. C. Besides the large congregation of regular worshippers at St. Mary's, quite a number of non-Catholics who had seen the announcement in the leading morning papers were assembled to witness the solemn ceremony of ordination, which then for the first time took place in the city of Austin.

"On Christmas Day the newly-ordained priest celebrated High Mass in St. Mary's Church, with the Rev. P. J. Hurth, as assistant priest, the Rev. P. Lauth, deacon, and the Rev. J. B. Scheier as subdeacon. A powerful and effective sermon was preached by the Rev. President of St. Edward's College."

—Rev. D. A. Tighe, Rector of Holy Angels' Church, and Rev. P. D. Gill, Rector of St. Columbkille's Church, Chicago, were welcome visitors to the College last week. Father Tighe, one of Notre Dame's old students, of the Class of '70, was warmly greeted by many friends, all of whom are glad to welcome the visits he may make to his *Alma Mater*. It was Father Gill's first visit, and he was pleased to express his surprise and pleasure at all he saw, and extolled the many advantages Notre Dame possesses as an institution of education. He made many friends during his too brief stay. We hope both Rev. gentlemen will find time to repeat their visit soon and often.

—It will be remembered that some time last October the Rev. Fathers Fallize, Roche and Boerres of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, left Notre Dame for the missions in Bengal, India. Their departure was attended with solemn and impressive ceremonies described in these columns. They were joined at New York by the Rev. Fathers Fourmond and Fichet from the Province of Canada. The missionaries embarked at Naples on the 2d of November. About two weeks ago, Very Rev. Father General Sorin received a letter from the Rev. Father Fallize, Superior of the little band, who wrote at sea under date of Nov. 19th and mailed his communication next day. We are permitted to make the following extract:

"We left Naples on Nov. 2d, by the Steamship *Ganges* of the Peninsular and Oriental lines. As I write to you we are approaching the land to which your earnest zeal for souls and our desire to do good have directed us. By to-morrow noon we expect to reach Colombo, on the Is-

land of Ceylon, about 10,000 miles from our dear Notre Dame and from you. The greater the distance, the more do we feel our separation from you and our American home; but at the same time the greater, too, is our desire to reach the end of our journey and begin our work. . . .

"Thus far all has been well. Nothing has occurred to disturb our happiness; nor have we met with the least accident on our journey either by land or sea. Our health in general has been excellent; our spirits gay and joyful, our courage and determination in no way diminished. . . . We have had the great happiness also of having been able to offer up the Holy Sacrifice every Sunday on board the *Ganges*. The Captain of the vessel anticipated our desire in this regard, and took great pains to secure for us a suitable place in which to say Mass, and gave orders to the Catholics of the crew to attend. The few Catholic passengers were also very happy to have an opportunity of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice. . . ."

Obituary.

—JAMES H. NOONAN, '80, died at his residence, South Boston, on the 14th ult. The sad news reached here only last week, and was received with deep regret by the former professors and friends of the deceased. As a student he was beloved by his professors and companions, and his subsequent life was that of the Christian gentleman. May he rest in peace!

—At Keokuk, Iowa, on New Year's day, died the Hon. PATRICK GIBBONS, Postmaster of that city. Mr. Gibbons lived at South Bend several years ago, and two or three of his children were educated at Notre Dame and St. Mary's. He had a wide circle of friends, for by nature he was genial and courteous, manly and honorable. He was in all respects a true, upright and conscientious man. About ten years ago he went to Keokuk, where he established himself in the hardware business. In the business world he was regarded as an enterprising and public-spirited citizen, and he achieved a fair measure of success. Three years ago he was appointed Postmaster, and never were the duties of the office discharged more faithfully and acceptably than by him. The news of his death makes many hearts sad, for no man could have warmer or more devoted friends. He leaves in good circumstances a widow and several grown-up sons and daughters. He was a brother of the Hon. John Gibbons, of Chicago, the well-known lawyer and author.

Local Items.

—Bellee windee!

—Happy New Year!

—Now prepare for the ex's.

—Classes were resumed on the 2d.

—The Semi's will take place on the 25th inst. Prepare for them.

—The Collegiates and Laws have taken possession of Sorin Hall.

—Bulletins for November and December were sent out before the holidays.

—Here's to the weather-prophet of the *South Bend Tribune*. He's a success.

—The Academy will give a public debate next Wednesday evening. It is expected to be unusually interesting.

—The Ciceronian minds of the "Grads" are no longer distinguished by separation from those of the common ordinaries.

—(Colonel of Co. "A" to Captain of same): "Captain, where is your Company?" Capt: "They just went to the store for a package of 'Judge!'"

—The winter still continues very open—to objections on the part of lovers of sleighing and skating. However, our weather-prophet tells us to "look out."

—The first blizzard of the season put in an appearance last Wednesday. It was winter waking up from a long nap and trying to make up for lost time.

—The denizens of the Printing Office are very grateful to the good Sisters in the kitchen for the fine large Christmas cake so kindly sent during the holidays.

—"Nor current coin nor base," exclaimed the small Junior, as he felt a spherical object in the lining of a last year's vest, and which on being produced, proved naught, save a long lost agate shirt button.

—Our choir furnished some excellent music at the services on the recent great festivals. The singers deserve great praise and encouragement, as they show to advantage the painstaking care of their accomplished director, Prof. Liscombe.

—Several sparrows were observed last Wednesday carrying bits of wood and paper to a niche above one of the windows in the main building. The bright sunshine and balmy atmosphere evidently forced the belief that the springtime of '89 was with us.

—We are glad to announce that the lecture course for the second session will soon be well under way and placed in charge of a committee of the students. It will open, after the examinations, with an entertainment by a distinguished reader from New York.

—Very Rev. Father General sent five blessed Epiphany cakes to the palace on the 6th inst. In the distribution of favors the great-hearted Founder always shows that the princes are first in his thoughts. They return grateful acknowledgements not only for the gift but for the affectionate sentiments that accompanied it.

—The remnant of the "Grads" who remained at the College during the holidays were thoroughly imbued with the requirements of the season, and on New Year's Day made the customary social calls. One of the "calls" was, however, quite inopportune, as the other fellow had a full house, and the party of the first part but a miniature pair. *Verbum sap.*

—Yesterday (Friday) morning the new chapel of St. Thomas Aquinas in Sorin Hall was solemnly blessed by Very Rev. Father General, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Morrissey and Fitte. After the

blessing of the chapel, the building was dedicated according to the Ritual. The students in a body attended the exercises. When the ceremonies had been concluded, Very Rev. Father General offered up the Holy Sacrifice for the first time in the new chapel.

—Master Eugene Gladstone O'Neill, son of Mr. James O'Neill, of Monte Cristo fame, is with his amiable mother visiting his brother Jamie of the Minim department. He is a beautiful child, and promises to do honor to his name. The admirers of the "Grand Old Man" gave young Gladstone a very cordial welcome, and the Minims, to whose ranks he is destined, gave him a special reception at the palace.

—THE SENIOR'S NEW YEAR'S RESOLVES:

Never again to leave the grounds without "that little bill;"
Never again the "mystery" try without making a will;
Never again to see a man who says his hand is "pat;"
Never again to wear week days, my Sunday high silk hat;
Never again to raise a 'tache till 13 hairs will sprout;
Never again to miss a class, or for G. Cleveland shout;
Never again to vest my wealth in prime sweet Caporal;
Never again detentions get that on my taste do pall;
Never again to "skive" upstairs to some "Grad's" cosy nest;
Never again to help increase the fortune of P. Best;
Never again at morn to hear the faithful well-known call;
For I've moved my goods and chattels o'er here in the new Hall.

—The ceremonies of the Church were very solemn and impressive at Notre Dame on the Festival of Christmas. Midnight Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. Father General, assisted by Rev. Fathers Walsh and Stoffel as deacon and subdeacon. All the Catholic students and the members of the Community received Holy Communion. The voice of the venerable celebrant sounded full and harmonious through the spacious vaults of the sacred edifice, revealing the health and strength with which Heaven continues to bless him in his advancing years; and prayers from devoted hearts ascended that many years to come might be his to celebrate with like solemnity at that grand altar in the glorious monument which he has erected to the worship of God.

The solemn High Mass of the morning was celebrated at ten o'clock by the Rev. President Walsh, assisted by Rev. Fathers Maher and O'Connor as deacon and subdeacon. An eloquent sermon, appropriate to the occasion, was preached by Rev. J. French, C. S. C.

—The Government of France has done a graceful act in recognizing the Golden Jubilee of the Very Rev. Edward Sorin, Father General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, and founder of Notre Dame University, Ind. It has appointed him to an office of honor in the department of Public Instruction, and forwarded him the insignia of the distinction. Father Sorin, as readers of *The Pilot* know, is a native of the country which gave Lafayette to the American Revolution. Directly on settling his Congregation here, he identified himself with American interests, and proved his

patriotism during the late Civil War by sending to the front, at the first outbreak, the priests and religious women under his jurisdiction to minister to the wounded soldiers. It is pleasant, however, to note the pride of Father Sorin's native land in the services rendered by him and his associates to the cause of education in America.—*Boston Pilot*.

—SORIN HALL AND THE COLLEGIATES.—Sorin Hall, the home of the scholar, the resort of the student was thrown open on New Year's day, and the fortunate possessors of rooms, returning from their holiday vacation, found their new home ready for occupancy. With the erection of Sorin Hall the Faculty have entered on a new departure which will, let us hope, fulfil all their expectations and prove an enduring monument to science, letters, and art. Here the more advanced students, who have learned the necessity and value of a true education, find all the opportunities that could be desired to enable them to attain the object of their wishes. The circumstances that surround them and the rules that govern them are conducive to earnestness of purpose and energy in studies; conditions, surely, that will lead to higher and better results both in individual and class work.

The rules have been read and have gone into effect; and the discipline, though firm, is far from being severe, and is for the promotion of the welfare of the students.

Rev. A. Morrissey, C.S.C., is the Director, and is assisted by Messrs. O'Connor and Warken, C. S. C., of the Seminary. They will endeavor to make the life of the student in Sorin Hall one of worth and happiness.

The house is replete with all the modern conveniences; and the rooms, fifty in number, are large enough to encourage study, and at the same time small enough to discourage visiting. To the right of the entrance on the first floor are the rooms of the Rev. Director, to the left are those of Prof. Hoynes, who has in the left wing quarters for his law department that are large and commodious, and which they have long deserved. In the right wing is the chapel, where the students say in common their morning and evening prayers.

In the basement are the smoking and reading-rooms which are well arranged and cosy in appearance. The reading-room will soon be supplied with the best periodicals and magazines of the day, and here anyone with literary taste may during the hours of recreation find suitable food for his intellect. The smoking-room is well ventilated, and on an evening's recreation the visitor may find in the turret the more musically inclined students who make the hall ring with melody.

May 27th, '88, the day on which the cornerstone of Sorin Hall was laid, should long be remembered, and on its every anniversary there should be held some commemoration in honor of the day on which Notre Dame entered on a new era that will in time make her the foremost of American universities.

Roll of Honor.

[The following list includes the names of those students whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Amador, Adams, Alvarez, Akin, Brewer, Bunker, Bretz, Burns, Blessington, Bruggemann, Barnes, Becker, Brannick, Burke, Beckman, Brelsford, Burret, Crabb, Cassidy, Crooker, Cooney, S. Campbell, Chacon, Cusack, W. Campbell, Dacy, Draper, Dore, Dougherty, Dwyer, Darroch, Evanson, Fitzgerald, Foster, Fisk, R. Fleming, Finckh, Fehr, Ford, Grange, Goebel, Jno. Giblin, Gallardo, F. Galen, J. Galen, Garfias, J. J. Gallagher, J. J. D. Gallagher, Hepburn, Hayes, M. J. Howard, Hummer, E. Howard Jennings, F. Jewett, H. Jewett, Karasynski, Kimball, Kenny, Kohlmann, Lozana, Leonard, Lappin, L. Long, E. Larkin, W. Larkin, McNally, H. Murphy, H. McAlister, G. McAlister, Morton, Mackey, McAuliff, McKeon, V. Morrison, W. Morrison, Jno. Meagher, McLeod, H. C. Murphy, Mahoney Major, R. Newton, K. Newton, O'Flaherty, O'Shea, O'Connor, O'Donnell, Ohlwine, O'Hara, C. Paquette, L. Paquette, Prichard, Reynolds, Rorke, Roberts, Rothert, Stewart, Schmitz, Steiges, Springer, J. B. Sullivan, Stephenson, D. Sullivan, H. Smith, Toner, Tewksbury, Wise, Woods, Wade, Webb, C. F. Youngermann, F. Youngermann, Zinn, Zeller.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, J. Allen, W. Allen, Adler, Aarons, Bates, Beaudry, Bradley, Baily, Blumenthal, Brady, Bryan, Berry, C. Brown, Baltes, A. Cleary, Cunningham, Crandall, Covert, Case, Cass, S. Campbell, E. Campbell, Cauthorn, Clendenin, Collins, F. Connors, J. Connors, E. Connors, N. Davis, D'Arcy, Daniels, Dinkel, Darroch, Dogherty, E. Du Brul, Dempsey, Erlenborn, Erwin, Elder, Flannigan, T. Falvey, C. Fitzgerald, J. Fitzgerald, Greene, P. Healy, R. Healy, Hoerr, Hannin, Hague, Heard, Hammond, Heller, Hinkley, Ibold, Johnston, Jewett, Krembes, King, W. Kutsche, A. Kutsche, Kearns, Kehoe, Lenhoff, Moncida, Maher, Mairus, McCartney, McIvers, Malone, J. McIntosh, McCarthy, McPhee, McDonnell, McLeod, Merz, McGrath, Mackey, A. Neef, F. Neef, Nockles, O'Neill, G. O'Brian, O'Mara, O'Donnell, Populorum, Pecheux, Prichard, F. Peck, Powers, E. Roth, A. Roth, I. Rose, Reinhard, Rowsey, C. Schillo, Sullivan, Spilding, L. Scherrer, Smith, Schultze, Sutter, Towne, Talbot, Toolen, Tetart, Wright, Weitzel, F. Wile, Williamson.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Bates, Blake, Barbour, Bruel, T. Burns, J. Burns, E. Bryan, Bearinger, Brown, Connolly, Cornell, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, C. Connor, W. Connor, Crandall, Cudahy, Downing, Durand, Doherty, J. Dungan, Jas. Dungan, Dorsey, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dench, E. Elkin, M. Elkin, G. Evers, F. Evers, Elder, Eckler, Finnerty, E. Falvey, Foster, Fanning, Grant, Greene, Goodwillie, Gregg, Girardin, Hendry, Hagus, Hamilton, Jonquet, C. Kroolman, Keeler, Kaye, Koester, Kehoe, Lansing, Levi, Londoner, Lonergan, J. Marre, A. Marre, Maternes, Marx, McPhee, C. McDonnell, F. McDonald, McGuire, Montague, McCarthy, Miller, Marr, W. Nichols, C. Nichols, Neenan, Oppenheimer, Plautz, Parker, L. Paul, C. Paul, Powell, Quill, Ricksecker, Roberts, Rea, Seerey, Seidensticker, Steineman, Toolen, Wittkowsky, R. Webb, F. Webb, Wever, Washburne, Wilcox, Dunn, Henneberry, Wilson.

SUGGESTIONS FOR 1889.

Suppose we think little about number one;
Suppose we all help some one else to have fun;
Suppose we ne'er speak of the faults of a friend;
Suppose we are ready our own to amend;
Suppose we laugh with, and not at, other folk,
And never hurt any one "just for the joke";
Suppose we hide trouble; and show only cheer—
How sure we shall be of a Happy New Year!

—St. Nicholas.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Classes were held in the morning hours during the holidays. Music, letter-writing, reading and boxes, made the time pass rapidly and pleasantly.

—On the Feast of the Epiphany Very Rev. Father General was the celebrant of the High Mass, and Rev. Father Walsh preached an eloquent sermon.

—The sanctuary lamp mentioned in the last issue of the SCHOLASTIC was given by Miss Fendrich, in memory of Sister M. Cecilia, who died in March, 1885.

—Letters from those who went home for the holidays report sad disasters; but a sight of the dear ones speedily put to flight all thoughts of lost hats and pocket books.

—The crib arranged under the rose-window at the left of the church is a great incentive to devotion, and every hour finds many visitors to the little Babe of Bethlehem. After midnight Mass the Minims gathered around it to sing their Christmas hymn.

—The midnight Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father L'Etourneau; Millard's Mass was sung. The Rev. chaplain sang also the High Mass at 8 a. m., assisted by Rev. Fathers Saulnier and French as deacon and subdeacon. Father French delivered a most appropriate and touching sermon.

—On January 1st, greetings for the New Year were offered Very Rev. Father General, in the name of the pupils, by Miss L. Van Horn. To no one do congratulations seem more fitting than to St. Mary's beloved Founder; hence the good wishes extended were more than wishes—they were prayers.

—The event of the week, at least in the eyes of the Juniors and Minims, was the Christmas tree and presentation of gifts from Santa Claus. On Saturday, Dec. 29, the tree, etc., arrived, and with it a letter from the Christmas Saint, expressing regret that he could not be present at the distribution, as he had received a telephone message that Mother Hubbard and Mother Goose, old friends of his, were quarreling and the case needed his intervention. He spoke of some of the faults he had seen in the department, and after greetings to all, he closed his long and interesting letter as follows: "Your old friend, your mother's and father's friend, and your great great grandfather's and grandmother's friend, Santa Claus." The letter was read by Miss M. Geer, and was followed by the giving out of the presents. Very Rev. Father General, Rev. Fathers L'Etourneau and Saulnier were not forgotten, and afterwards expressed themselves as delighted with Santa Claus. Every little girl received several gifts, and all were more than happy. Thanks are returned to those

among the pupils who labored so zealously that all might prove successful, and who tried to make the event a pleasurable one. Special expressions of thanks are tendered Mr. H. Crandall and Mrs. J. M. Ayer, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Jonquet, Mr. Wyman, and Mr. D. Baker, South Bend; the Misses Dempsey, Piper, B. Hellman, Dreyer, Webb, Wurzburg, Rowley and Dolan for ornaments and presents kindly sent for the tree.

Cheerfulness.

Among the characteristics that make up that variable composite, man, that of cheerfulness is second to none. A person who possesses this quality, possesses in a great degree, one of the noblest gifts of God. Its influence is felt not only in the family circle, but it diffuses itself throughout the atmosphere of society, and imparts a genial warmth and good-will wherever the individual possessing it may go. It rests with ourselves whether or not we make it our own, for as the best of dispositions may be spoiled, so the worst of temperaments may be improved. A congenial person is a cheerful one. Some people have that peculiar tact by which they make friends at all times and under all circumstances. Such persons never knowingly slight, or in any way offend an acquaintance. They have a nod, a smile and a kind word for each one with whom they come in contact. This trait of cheerfulness is a passport to society, and in prosperity acquires for itself a character that shines with peculiar lustre in adverse seasons.

We cannot know when our influence will be felt. A careless word is often the means of influencing others for good or evil; and, knowing this, our every word, action and even our movements, should be the result of careful consideration. An eminent divine once said: "It is not for what I have done, but for what I have left undone that I repent."

A cheerful word costs so little, and may effect so much, that it is not only our privilege but our duty to improve each chance that offers. The thoughtless may, indeed, regard this quality as not essential in business, and yet perhaps nowhere is its influence more marked. To illustrate: The merchant wishes a clerk for some responsible position; his applicants are numerous, but among the many he pauses undecided between two. One is a man of middle age, his countenance bears indications of education and a good mind; his bearing is erect and his manner agreeable; but is this all that appears? No; stamped too plainly on his features to be mis-

taken, we see an irritable temperament. His eyes have a half-hidden sullenness, and the employer turns to the younger man. But he is too young, he lacks experience. The man of business notes him carefully, and then asks for recommendations. His only testimony is the bright, keen eyes and the cheerful, sunny manner. The merchant considers carefully, he weighs the capabilities of the one against the boyish good-will of the other. He is a stern man not given to sentiment, yet the pleasant face of the youth leaves its impression. He dismisses the elder, not however without many misgivings as to his choice. But in after years, as he reflects on the circumstance, he considers it one of the wisest moves of his life. The boy pushed himself through the world by his kindness to those about him. His friends multiplied, and he was never without the helping hand of good-will. This is only one example of thousands that might be cited.

We are continually meeting new faces, but do we ever stop and wonder if the happiness depicted on smiling countenances is heart deep? Let us not forget that appearances often deceive, and perhaps that a gay exterior covers a heavy heart; for we know that "A smile may be bright though the heart is sad, as the rainbow is beautiful in the sky, while beneath is the moaning sea." But if we live to make others happy; if we strive at every opportunity to add our mite of pleasure to the none too-happy life of our neighbor, we will insensibly lose sight of our own little annoyances, and be happy in the gratitude of those about us. There is no disputing the fact that fits of melancholy come unbidden to most people. It was under this influence that Hamlet, the melancholy Dane, said: "To be or not to be, that is the question"; finally, deciding that "it is better to bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of." Our morbid temperaments are not only the means of making ourselves miserable, but of casting a gloom over the lives of those about us.

How many, through want of an encouraging word, become reduced to the verge of despair, and seek death as the only means of putting an end to their unhappiness. As a rule, those who live remote from the strife and tumult of the world, take the most cheerful view of existence. Look at the life of a farmer: his simple wants and cares give him no anxiety; his neighbors are congenial, because they have no cause for contention. In a word, selfishness and rivalry fly to the busy cities. To conclude, if we covet cheerful dispositions then should we endeavor to maintain a pleasing exterior, and spend our

leisure moments in improving the opportunities for doing good that are never far distant. Nor should we look for some one great chance, but make sure of the small ones, and the larger ones will take care of themselves. Besides, success in life depends in a great measure on cheerfulness; and, as the world has no love for sad faces, neither will it yield to the funereal countenance the great prizes of life.

JENNIE CURRIER,
Second Senior Class.

Examination at Holy Rosary Academy, Woodland, Cal.

Quite a number of the friends and relatives of the pupils attended the exercises at the Academy Friday afternoon, and their desires to see something good were not in the least disappointed. We can conscientiously say that every recitation, every selection of music and every composition, shows that the contributor is going up the scale of development to something higher and better. When there is this marked improvement in pupils, as in this case, the retrospections of the teachers, after school is out, must be most pleasant.

PROGRAMME.	
Chorus.....	School Accompanied by Piano and Guitars.
Essay—"Astronomy".....	Miss Mosebachu
Music—"Toccata di Concert".....	Dupont Miss Hyman.
Song.....	Tito Mattie Miss Powers.
Récitation.....	Miss Griffin
Essay—"Words".....	Miss Ellis
Music—"Le Rossignol".....	Liszt Miss Ellis.
Essay—"Memory".....	Miss Powers
Song—"On Rosy Wings".....	<i>Il Trovatore</i> Miss Prior.
Essay—"Goldsmith and Moore".....	Miss Griffin
Recitation.....	Miss Powers
Sonata, No. 2.....	Beethoven Miss Dryfus.
Essay—"Beauties of Tennyson".....	Miss Newton
Song, from Cecilian Vespers.....	Miss Ellis

The musical students, both instrumental and vocal, were exceptionally good. "Toccato Di Concert," a very difficult piece by Dupont, was well rendered by Miss Hymen and appreciatively listened to. A "Sonata" (Beethoven) by Miss Dryfus was one of the most skilfully rendered numbers on the program. Only the most finished performer can give full justice to these conceptions of the old Masters of music on account of the three or four distinct parts which all have to be united in one harmonious whole. Miss Prior sang, in her rich voice, that divine lyric from *Il Trovatore* "On Rosy Wings." The teachers of that Institution have every reason to feel proud of the last term's work.—*Woodland Mail*.